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Young Ramble Away

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PAINFUL PLOWGH.

Come all you jolly ploughmen, of courage stout and bold,
That labour in the winter in stormy winds and rain,
To clothe your fields with plenty, your farmyards to
^{renew,}
To crown them with contentment behold the painful plough.

Hold gardener, says the ploughman, don't count your trade with ours,
I pray walk through the garden, and view the early flowers,
Also the curious borders, and pleasant walks to view,
There's none such peace and pleasure performed by the plough.

Hold gardener, says the ploughman, my calling don't despise,
Each workman for his living upon his trade relies,
Were it not for the ploughman, both rich and poor would rue,
For we are all dependant upon the painful plough.

Adam in the garden was set to keep it right,
~~But the length of time he staid there, I believe it was~~
one night,
Yet of his own labour, I call it not his due,
Soon he lost the garden, and went to hold the plough.

For Adam was a ploughman when ploughing did begin,
The next that him succeeded was Cain his eldest son,
Some of their generation their calling follow now,
That bread may not be wanting remains the painful plough.

Sampson was a strong man, and Solomon was wise,
Alexander for to conquer was all his daily prize,
King David was valiant, and many thousands slew,
Yet none of these heroes could live without the plough,

Behold the wealthy merchant that trades in foreign seas,
And brings home gold and treasure for those who live at ease,
With finest silks and spices, and sweetest fruits also,
They are all brought from the Indies by virtue of the plough.

Yet the man that brings them will own to what is true,
He can not sail the ocean without the painful plough,
For he must have bread, biscuits, rice pudding flour and peas,
To feed the jolly sailors as they sail o'er the seas,

I hope there's none offended at me for singing this,
For it was not intended for anything amiss,
If you consider rightly, you'll find what I say true,
Each trade that you can mention depends upon the plough.

YOUNG

RAMBLE AWAY.

As I was going to Birmingham fair,
With my scarlet coat, and everything rare,
Enough to entice girls buxom and gay,
Who are willing to go with young Ramble-away.

that I set my foot in the fair,
I saw pretty Nancy a combing her hair,
I gave her the wink, she roll'd her black eye,
Thinks I to myself I'll be there by and by,

As I was watching one night in the dark,
I took pretty Nancy for my sweetheart,
She smiled in my face, and thus she did say,
Are you the young man called Ramble-away.

I said pretty Nancy don't smile in my face,
I do not intend to stop long in this place,
So I tipt her the double through fair Lincolnshire,
And said I would ramble I didn't care where.

Your dad and your man are going from home,
And when they return I'll sing them a song,
O then he did say your daughter's astray,
With a strange little rogue called Ramble-away.

Come all pretty maidens, who ever you may be,
With those jolly lads never make over free,
Hat, cap, and feathers you may have to wear,
And a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up your hair.

Her person grew round when she got to the play
Where she looked in vain for young Ramble-away,
When her baby was born with tears she did say,
What a fool to be led off by Ramble-away.

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